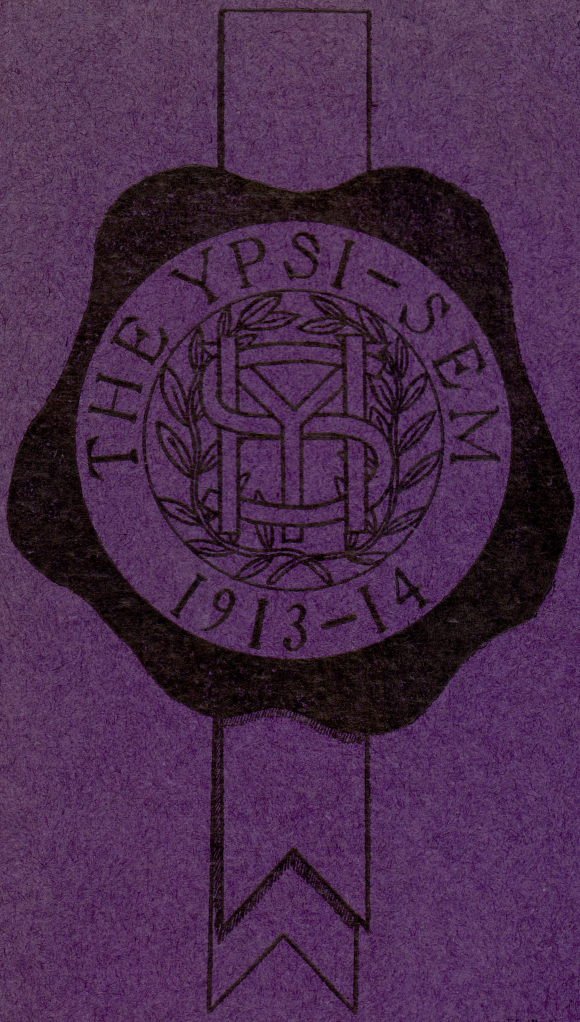

Volume 4 Number 9

JUNE, 1914

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The Ypsi-Sem

VOL. 4 YPSILANTI, MICH., JUNE, 1914 No. 9

The Luck of the Northern Mail

The frightened boy, quivering from head to foot, got to his feet and took another glance about him. On one side the mountains swept downward by gentle, then sharp plunges; on the other side it towered upward beyond his power to see. With a cold thrill of fear and horror, he realized that he was alone on the runaway train. Smoke was pouring from the hole in the engine, and as a white hissing cloud of steam, the cars rocked together and went roaring headlong, entirely without control.

"First thing I know," Saul thought, "It'll jump the track, and go down the mountain. I must get off."

A moment later he saw a large pile of dirt. With one jump he went up in the air and struck the gravel with a heavy thud, bruised and half conscious. Scrambling to his feet, he was soon on the track, brushing the dirt from his mouth and eyes. He stood thinking for a minute and his pulses seemed to stop beating. "The track runs around the mountain's top and comes out farther down. There's a passenger train coming up the mountain! This runaway train will go through the passenger, and kill everybody!"

The imperiled train was about two miles distant, but in the clear mountain air, it looked to be much nearer. It was the Northern Mail scheduled to meet the freight. The brakeman who was expected to throw the switch, was lying among the rocks with a gashed forehead and broken leg.

Many thoughts went dashing through Saul's mind; of how the beauteous scene would soon be one of tragedy and the rails be reddened with blood if he didn't save it. He suddenly plunged down the slope, his freckled face white, and his eyes glaring.

"If I can only get down there and get the switch open!" he thought. In his search for a path to descend, he nearly fell over a precipice. He wasted only a few seconds, however, but threw himself over the edge, and began to work his way down, clinging to vine and ledge as he went. Suddenly his feet slipped, his slinging fingers jerked the vine from the rocks, and he whirled backward into space.

Over and over he went, until he turned to find himself hanging in the fork of a tree.

Instantly he pulled himself loose and slipped to the ground. He found the wood more open and the railroad track in sight. His side pained him, but he must beat the runaway car to the switch. He was running a race with death. As he crossed the track, he heard the thunder of the escaping train. With a half dozen mad bounds, he was at the switch. He tore at the lock in a kind of insanity. How should be ever get it loose? He picked up a heavy stone and beat the lock to pieces. The next moment the train came round the bend like some mighty animal. Nothing but a mountain wall seemed capable of stopping it, until it came in on the switch, turned, and went headlong down the mountain side.

Saul could never forget the spectacle. Trees leaped from their roots, and great spurts of stone shot into the air. He bent forward, gasping and speechless. Down the train plunged into the deep canon. There, a number of cars rolled over sidewise near the brink, and silence fell.

Saul, pale and struggling for breath, turned toward the track. The Northern Mail stood not two hundred feet from him. A dozen men came running up, but the engineer of the Mail was first to reach him.

"Tell us, boy! What's going on here?"

Saul presented a sad picture, with his mouth working dryly, his poor soiled clothes torn, and his face and hands streaked with blood. "I turned her down the mountain," he whispered hoarsely. With a glance toward the wondering men, he put one of his hands to his throat, and suddenly fell forward upon his face.

The blue-clad conductor pushed through the crowd, followed by the sheriff from Washington. There were all sorts of exclamations, as Saul lay limp and still.

The conductor of the ore train, hatless, white-faced, and with a dangling arm, burst out from the trees and came suddenly down the track.

"Hello, Andy," the Northern Mail conductor cried. "What is this? Where's your train?"

The pale fellow looked wildly about him. "Someone threw the switch, there! I was trying to get here to do it. She's gone down the mountain! I expected to find you all killed. A rock slipped out of Gaylon's Head and tore the top works of the engine off, and wrecked the caboose. Several boys are hurt, —maybe killed. I didn't wait to see. Who turned the switch?"

'That boy lying there."

"Why, that's the young hobo that was hid in the ore! I told Jim not to harm him." The conductors looked at each other. "He's a good one," said the Northern Mail man. The other nodded. "I guess I'll let them all ride, after this," he said.

The sheriff bent closer over Saul and said, "Young feller, are you ready to go back and tell where the money is?"

Saul stared, running his blood-stained fingers through his tumbled hair.

"Yeh needn't bother him," said a voice at the sheriff's elbow. "I got the money here, every cent of it. I'm taking it back to Mr. Young."

"Well, if it ain't Sam!" Saul exclaimed, a smile lighting his ashen face.

"Yes, I found out they was after you, Saul, so I brung the money back. I didn't want it anyway; I'd rather work fer it. I beat my way, and ride on the trucks, ruther than spend it. Here 'tis, sheriff."

Investigation disclosed the fact that Saul had a pair of broken ribs, but a prince could not have been cared for better than he. He completed his journey to Sacramento in a Pullman sleeper and found Aunt Lucy a "good mother." Today he holds a fine position in the employ of the great railway system in whose interest he displayed such heroic courage that morning, when he saved the Northern Mail.

E. M. CLOUGH, '16.

Our Vanishing Game Birds

(Awarded Second Prize: Interclass Essay Contest)

The sport instinct of man, though modified by ages, is just as keen today as when he depended upon the animals and birds of the forest for food and clothing. What was once a necessity has been refined until it has become an elevating pastime. There are as many lovers of field sports today as there were hunters in primitive days, but the deplorably decreasing numbers of our beautiful game birds is a matter of sincere regret to those whose diversion is to shoulder a gun and tramp over hill and dale in quest of sport.

Fifty years ago no country on earth offered such splendid attractions to the wing-shooter as America. The ruffled grouse preened her feathers in every copse or hurtled from under the very feet of the unsuspecting sportsman; bob-white's cheery whistle was as common in rural districts as the clatter of domestic fowls; vast flocks of passenger-pigeons darkened the sky each spring and fall with a myriad rushing shapes. The woodcock, modest autocrat of the alder swamp, burst up from every low, moist bit of marsh, and its cousin, the snipe, made the water courses ring with its shrill cries, and the prairie chicken or pinnated grouse, was distributed over nearly every state in the Union, and was so numerous and tame in Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, and southern Michigan that it was not considered sport to hunt it, and the wild turkey! monarch of all feathered game, chicked and gobbled on the chestnut groves, while countless thousands of aquatic birds, ducks and geese, made semi-annual migrations, south to the feeding grounds in the fall and north to the Labrador nesting marshes in the spring, flock upon flock, stopping enroute at each lake and slough, furnishing the gunner abundant sport.

But this is of the past. Whole districts once teeming with wild life are now silent, and to obtain sport, the gunner must seek the more unsettled regions, wondering at the time if he can ever shoulder his gun and tramp off for a day's outing with more to show than a day with nature and an empty game bag.

In the midst of plenty man is prodigal; he entered the unbroken wilderness with its population of wild creatures and cleared the land by hauling the great trees together and burning them, never leaving a patch of wood for the turkey and grouse or a bog for the woodcock and snipe. He exposed the heads of water-courses allowing them to dry up, with the result that the water-fowl sought other coverts.

Fifty years ago the abundance of game made a code of game-laws seem superfluous and they slaughtered the water-fowl on the spring trip to the nesting grounds. The ne'er-do-well who shot the mother grouse in June, leaving a family of chicks to perish, and the boy who laid snares for quail went unmolested.

This gross neglect was the first step toward extermination but so palpable was the error that it was not long before legislation framed a loose set of game-laws which people looked upon as an infringement of their rights and paid little attention to.

As more land was cleared the game-coverts became fewer, population denser, and game scarcer with an increase in gunners, but better laws were being passed and more stringently enforced.

With the advent of the caplock fowling-piece sportsmen thought it the last word in handiness and accuracy, but soon the breech loader made its appearance and shooting clubs were formed all over the country and as the guns nearly outnumbered the birds, the questionable sport of trap shooting was introduced. This date marked the extinction of the wild pigeon.

Men scarcely past their prime can remember when pigeon-shooting was a semi-annual event, but the trap-shooter made the netting business profitable, and thousands were taken alive, stuffed into coops and those who survived the stifling crates lived on y to die ignominiously at the plunge trap, and fall, shot filled and useless carrion, a shameful waste. But this could not last. The ranks grew thinner and thinner until now the only known specimen alive is an aged female at the Cincinnati zoo, while repentant man has offered an enormous reward for the capture of a mate, a slender chance to replace this vanished race; and the "clay pigeon" now used at the traps,

is a grim memorial of the slaughtered hosts.

One of the last birds to disappear will be the ruffled grouse. Her rush and flight and ability to combat natural enemies will preserve her for years to come and the drumming of her gorgeous mate will be long heard in the autumn woodland.

But "bob white" lacks those traits of self-preservation possessed by his greater brother and is rapidly disappearing from the northern states in spite of the best of game laws. He is fond of civilization with its abundant wheat and buckwheat crops and asks no unbroken wilderness for a rendezvous, but calls loudly to his mate from the top-most rail of the stake and rider fence, advertising his presence to all the world. Before chipping the shell he must run the gauntlet of prowling crows, skunks, cats, weasles, and other bloodthirsty pirates, and the moment he finds his legs, owls, hawks, and foxes take up the chase, and if he is fortunate and reaches maturity the gunners are eager and waiting. But it takes more than a tyro with a gun to cut him down in mid-flight, as he flies like a bullet and loses no time in taking wing; but enough sportsmen and market shooters have learned to shoot him that his extermination is rapidly being accomplished.

But the sportsman and pot-hunter are not wholly to blame for the disappearance of bob-white from the north. Although distributed all over the United States, he is primarily a warm-weather bird, and thrives far better below the fortieth paralled than above it. In the north a hard snow, followed by rain and a quick, hard freeze forms a heavy crust, locking the seeds and grains, which form bob-white's food, up as in an iron chest. What follows is easily imagined and a handful of grain would not come amiss to every farmer if contributed to these suffering quail.

Among out vanishing game-birds there are none whose disappearance is looked upon with more regret than the waterfowl, whose semi-annual migrations have always been considered the best time of the sporting year. The flocks of blue- and green-wing teal, with the first October frosts, followed by wedges of mallard, red head, canvas back, and the great black-necked wild geese, together with a dozen other varieties, in order of hardihood as the frost grows sharper fly southward. The gunner, concealed behind a snug blind over a few good decoys could take his fill of shooting, until an aching shoulder warn him to desist. But this is only a memory, and the ardent sportsman must make long excursions to bag his birds. This disappearance is due ina great measure to the Labrador egg-hunters and the spring shooting. These unlawful practices reduced their numbers enormously, but when they start on the southern migration their troubles have only begun. From the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico they run a continuous gauntlet of guns, everything from an old pot-metal shoulder breaker to the latest hammerless repeater, all join the fusillade.

The woodcock are also vanishing. All of the pioneers thinning the forests and draining the marshes have driven this bird to the verge of extinction and the gunner is doing his best to push it over the line.

The wild turkey which once was so numerous over the whole southeastern half of the United States is now a rare bird in the beech groves of Virginia and the Alleghanys and totally gone from the other states.

As the government has established trout and whitefish hatcheries, liberating thousands of fry into the depleted lakes and rivers, so some day may aviaries or preserves be established which will set free broods of grouse and water-fowl, snipe and turkeys; but the most practical way is to protect the wild birds now living, and again may the partridge and quail become numerous, great flocks of water-fowl make their migrations as of old, the wold turkey populate the forests and possibly great hosts of wild pigeons roar over head and America may once more boast of a never failing, increasing supply of game and sport.

PAUL SMITH, '17.

The Ypsi=Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School, at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

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Editorials

For such High School fellows as are so fortunate (or unfortunate) as not to be compelled to work during the summer, or for those who expect to "lay off" for an outing during the hot months, the ideal spot has been discovered. Situated in the northwestern part of the Lower Peninsula, only a few miles from Lake Michigan's cool breezes, upon the largest inland body of water in the state, surrounded by hills and forests, and in every respect close to Nature herself, Hayo-Went-Ha Camp for Boys calls irresistibly to every fellow. Torch Lake, upon which the camp is situated, possesses, in addition to her geographically perfect location, the advantages, first, of the leadership and influence of strong men who know boys, and who are capable of handling them; second, a perfectly balanced program of activities, whereby the social, and the athletic, and the mental, and the moral, and the religious, are each given individual attention daily; third, complete athletic facilities, with special inducements for efficiency along each line; fourth, accessibility to every fellow's pocketbook, and fifth, for which the other four constitute the reasons, the approval of every thoughtful parent or guardian.

Although we belong to the unfortunate class aforementioned, nevertheless we have spoken with many who have attended the camp, and we have yet to discover one sufficiently recovered to talk connectedly upon the subject. Enthusiasm approaching delirium or hysteria or something, marks the attitude of every fellow who has once visited Hayo-Went-Ha. We feel that, should we be instrumental in inducing any fellow from here to attend during the coming summer, we shall have been in part responsible for one of the best things that ever happened to him.

Information concerning the camp is in the hands of Mr. Hull, and may be obtained of him, while it lasts. The least you can do, fellows, is to look it over.

————:o:————

Just as a stitch in time, let us suggest that during the summer months the Juniors be considering their choice of officers for next year.

————:o:————

Leaders of the various organizations and activities throughout the school have been, and are being, chosen. So far, the choices are, we believe, the very best possible. Selections have been made, not with an eye to the popularity of the candidate, but entirely upon his qualities of leadership and his ability to support interest in the organization to be placed under his care. In short a fellow school-spirit, that one thing of whose name the students are no doubt heartily tired by this time, appearing, as it has, regularly each month, school-spirit, we declare, is the one attribute sought in a leader. And unless he possesses that quality a fellow is no real leader, in school, that is, of course. He's defunct, so far as school-life in a broad sense is concerned. Now you fellows next year may not find it an easy matter to keep the life and interest in High School activities which now obtain. You'll have a new man over you, one of whom you know nothing, and to whose ways you must adapt yourselves. It's up to you, '15, '16 and '17, to be prepared, in order that school spirit,

without which the student body is as dead as is the human body without that other kind of Suirit, may not become entirely extinct in Ypsilanti High.

———:o:———

Since it is now too late either to be accused of playing for future favors or to be "canned" for contempt of court, and since our Principal is about to discontinue his services, it seems to us altogether fitting that we try at this time to sum up what he has accomplished during the two years in which he has been with Ypsi High. He has never been reticent about telling us of our good qualities, whenever such may have come to light; it is therefore perfectly appropriate for us to inform him somewhat concerning himself and his virtues, in order that he may depart with his mind at rest.

Looking backward over the period marked by his influence, we can perceive but one result which Mr. Hull has accomplished, when all has been considered. That, however, is one of which he, first, and of which we, secondly, may always be proud, for it is the one thing to be sought above all others in High School life, save only the actual pursuit of our studies. Hull is the man who has shown us what spirit is. Instances? Surely, plenty of them. In the first place, when he entered the school, the Y. M. C. A. was a struggling little organization,—no, we won't dignify it by that title; it was a struggling little bunch of more or less snobbish fellows, without any fixed object or purpose, except, perhaps, that of maintaining an extremely undemocratic aloofness from those most in need of its influence, and engaging in an occasional grubfest. It was not a year old, but that wasn't what ailed it, for when the House of Representatives was organized, at Mr. Hull's suggestion and with his assistance; it at once assumed a lively aspect, although itself far younger than the 'Y" had been even at the time of his arrival.

But to return to the "Y". In a short time it began to pick up. Mr. Hull met with the fellows, and at times went to some inconvenience in having them at his rooms, to arrange methods of gaining a foothold among the others. The banquets seem to have touched the spot, for through a fellow's stomach, they say, lies the shortest route to his heart. At any rate, a greater number have derived benefit from these gatherings during the past two years than could ever have done so under the old way of conducting affairs, and although the association is not yet all that is planned, nevertheless it is 'going up' and may soon surpass even Mr. Hull's expectations.

Take the House, of which we have already spoken. Ask any member whence came its impetus. Then how about debates? And these Interclass Contests in their present form? He has accomplished feats which others might perhaps have accomplished, had they thought of them in the first place. When in our memory has the Principal coached the various teams as he has done? Or kept such order in chapel? Fortunately, this is a rhetorical question, requiring and expecting no answer.

Let us sum it all up now in one statement, which will express briefly our idea. These past two years, then, constituting the Hull Dynasty, have been marked by an increase in enthusiasm and activity along every phase of High School life, and have reflected in a greater degree than has ever before been done, that school-spirit which has throughout this period been the accepted watchword of the School.

Permit us to add that, contrary to custom, the gentleman in question has not perused the above, or it would not occupy its present position. In addition to the Cardinal virtues, Mr. Hull possesses a stronge sense of modesty.

———:o:———

Just a word concerning the High School carnival, its purpose, and character. In the first place, it is not a narrow affair, run by and for a few. The whole school will take part, and the whole town will be urged to attend. A series of fine entertainments of brief duration are being arranged, and these will be staged in the halls and various rooms. The teachers are evincing a lively interest in the proceedings, and all feel certain that we can make a go of it as other schools have repeatedly done, thus setting one more worthy precedent during this year 1914. The one thing necessary to the undertaking's success is the arousal of a lively interest among the townspeople. Once they can be brought to the building, then, our success is assured.

———:o:———

Members of the various German classes have been corresponding with German students

during the past year or so, through an arrangement made by Miss Laird. Quite a large number of letters have been received, and these are for the most part written in English, the Americans responding in German, and each correcting the diction of the other. Many of the letters are of an extremely interesting phraseology, and it follows that our efforts probably seem funny to the German. Looking the correspondence over, we find practically the same errors in one as in another, and this is very natural. Inversions, transpositions, insertion of superfluous adverbs and modifiers comes natural to the German, and it is not at all strange that he should neglect to shake off their effect in his use of our language. German antonyms also confuse the English student of German, and in turn, the corresponding uses of our words trouble the German student of English. And they are liable to apply their rules for the auxiliary with verbs of motion to our language, as well as to twist it up in many other ways, each of which mistakes we, by a reversal of the rule, commit in our German. So let us, while we laugh at the strange effects of these errors in the following letters, remember that the same thing strikes the "Deutscher," in his perusal of our efforts, and draw our lesson accordingly.

——"Now I will also write a little English. I learn 9 month English, and my English teacher tells me that I speak for this short time very good. I show the greatest interest for this language, and therefore it is not difficult for me to speak English, because I can speak also French nearly perfectly, and German. Now we have very fine weather and I play very much tennis. I find a very good society and play in a suburb of P——.

"But now begins also the horrible time for the examinations. We have much to do. After 6 weeks we have three months holidays. After the holidays I go for a pension (evidently a scholarship is what is meant) in Switzerland cr Berlin or Dresden. I am very enjoy to go to the pension. Which subjects you attend in High Schoo'. I attend in ours: English, German, French, Physics, Mathematics, Geography, History and Geology. Please correct me my mistakes. I am sure that I have make much."

Yes, she "have make much" all right, but none are very serious, nor are they any worse than we have made in our German attempts, probably. Taking another:

"——My uncle has also a great farm and so I understand all what you said about your farm. Perhaps I go in the Autumn to Switzerland for hearing perfectly French. Now I do not take English lessons because my teacher is traveling to Liverpcol. There she is at home. I like my Miss very much because she is very kind and patient to me. Tomorrow I travel to T——. There is our manufactory. I am very g'ad because I do not attend this day the school. The last week I was in theater by "Tristam and Holde" from (by) Richard Wagner. It was magnificent. Now is the theater closed for two months.'

And another:

"I received your letter and was very glad to get the stamps and postcards. I should be very thankful to you if you would sent me the parcel post stamps. You desired to know something of our school. Very well. At 8 o'clock on the morning we go to school. Then follows a devotion in the great festive hall and then begins the lessons. Each of the lessons is ¾ hours long. It is different, how many lessons we have on the day. Then 5 hours and then 6 hours. In the afternoon we have not school. You see that we are free in the afternoon. But we are forced to make our works, but then the afternoon is for our disposition (disposal). The schoolyear divides in four parts. We have four times holidays in the year: The great holidays, the harvest holidays, the Christmas holidays, and the Easter holidays. To Easter is the promotion in a more high class, if the performance is good. To the three other holidays it gives (es gibt) testimonies of our performance. To the harvest of this year I go in the examination. It is the examination for the purpose of getting the right to serve one year volunteer in the army. Now I wil ccrrect your letter." And forthwith he does so, somewhat altering the outward appearance of that document. One can see by reading over these few examples, just where the mistakes between the two languages will be most plentiful, and can also derive a great deal of useful information concerning the country in question.

"Jessie's fiance proposed to her in a cab."
"I would call that a hansom offer."

SCHOOL NEWS

The debate between Ypsi High and Detroit Central occurred at 8 o'clock on the evening of Friday, May 22, and proved to be a most entertaining event. Boyce, Hubbard, and Coe, after a long period of preparation, took the stand on the affirmative of the question, "Shall United States cities own and operate their own street-railways?" Detroit was also well-prepared, and the period between the last man's rebuttal and the judges' decision was one of intense uncertainty for both sides, so well matched were the opponents. However, the judges, Professors Cowden and Aiken of Ann Arbor and Daly of Wyandotte, awarded the decision to Ypsilanti by a vote of three to nothing. Mayor Brown presided at the meeting and a considerable number of citizens attended. Ypsilanti has now shown herself to be in Central's class so far as Debating and Oratory are concerned, even though she may not approach the big school in her athletic standing, and the team deserves warm congratulation.

CALENDAR FOR JUNE

June 1—Sophomores vs. Seniors, 4:00.
June 2—Audubon Society, 3:15.
June 3—Y. W. C. A., 3:15.
June 4—Y. M. C. A., 7:30.
June 5—Philomathian Literary Society, 3:15.
June 6—Interclass Track Meet, 2:30.
June 8—Sophomores vs. Freshmen, 4:00.
June 9—Audubon Society, 3:15.
June 11—Junior-Senior Banquet, 6:30.
June 12—Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Carnival, 7:30.
June 13—Ypsi. vs. Mt. Clemens, 2:30.
June 17—Class Day Exercises, 8:00.
June 19—Graduating Exercises, 8:00.
June 19—Alumni Banquet, 9:00.

THE Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has been making some of its plans for the coming year. Many new committees have been formed, capable underclassmen being placed upon them to take the place of the Senior members who will leave us in June. Among the new committees formed are the missionary, Bible study and publication. One of the entirely different events of the coming year is initiation. This has never been carried out before in this high school, but has been beautifully done in other organizations. The organization is also planning to send delegates to the Geneva conference.

Miss Pearson, the state secretary, is helping us in our work. She is just full of new and splendid ideas, some of which will be carried out by us next year.

AUDUBON

The Audubon society, under the leadership of Mr. Wood, has for some unknown reason at last become strictly a girls' organization. They have taken many early morning bird walks and on the 21st of May a picnic was held in Peninsular grove. About twenty were present. All had a very enjoyable time.

In order that those who support the High School publications, and for whom these are run, may know how well they have been served during the year whose close is marked by this June number, and that they may see what has become of their resources, it is right, the staff feels, to set forth in this final issue of the Sem a statement of its financial conditions, as accurately as this can be determined at the present time. In disposing of the monthly output of the Sem, as well as in the sale of the Dixit, they have attempted, with what success, must be left to the student's judgment, to see that every student should be supplied with the magazine. Not that they have given it to those who lacked the loyalty to buy it, although twice it has been distributed to all in school, for special reasons, but the staff have endeavored, by fixing upon an extremely low and reasonable subscription-rate and selling-price, to enable every pupil to afford the paper. Had it not been for a most liberal and generous patronage from the business-men (and women) who assisted by purchasing advertisements in the columns, these low prices, and, indeed, the publication of anything at all, would have been an impossibility. We take the present opportunity of acknowledging this aid in behalf of the School. Financial statement follows:

Expenditures

For printing	$249.50
Engravings	4.44
Sundries, including postage, letter-heads, circular letter, materials and express	10.45
Total	$264.39

Receipts

Subscriptions	$147.75
Advertisements	183.00
Total	$230.75
Balance on hand to date	$33.64

During the discussion of advisability and probability of sending delegates to the summer camp at Torch Lake, the Y. M. C. A. fellows hit upon an unique way, unique at least in this school, of raising the necessary cash. It was proposed that a carnival be held here in the building, say upon June thirteenth, as being about the only open date. Various booths will be prepared, as well as a number of entertainments, and a very reasonable sum will be charged for admission. If the school can only interest the townspeople in this worthy cause, we feel certain of success. The Y. M. C. A. decided to co-operate with the Y. W. C. A. in the matter, if such action could be brought about, and split up on the profits. Now let every person in school, regardless of sex, get busy and boost. There is also work for each

and every one, so that all who care to assist in any way will be afforded the opportunity.

The oration contest of the Federated House of Representatives for lower Michigan was held in the High School Chapel Friday evening, April 24. Central, Eastern, Ann Arbor, Port Huron, and Ypsi High Schools were well represented. Glenn Smith, our representative, carried off first honor with his oration entitled "The Pioneer Spirit.' Friday, May 16th, at Cadillac, he met the winner of the similar contest held at Grand Rapids, and contested for state championship. Owing to the fact that one of the regulations of an oratorical contest was violated by the chairman, he was defeated. However, even now Mr. Smith stands second in the state, a fact we may well be proud of.

The Freshmen and Sophomore debaters have been chosen. The Sophomore debaters are Marian Riggs, Raymond Augustus and Harry Miller; the Freshmen debaters Ethel Monk, Helen Montgomery and Margrethe Nielsen. The subject for debate is, "Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine should be abandoned." The Sophomores have the affirmative.

A number of the faculty and high school students attended the May Festival and also the engineering exhibit held in Ann Arbor the second week in May.

About seventy-five of the high school boys attended the boys' conference held at Milan the 15th and 16th of May. There were a number of very interesting ball games and several good and helpful lectures which appealed to the boys, while the banquet offset everything else. The boys returned Saturday afternoon, all reporting a fine time.

The new members of the staff are elected for next year and some are being initiated into their work this month. This will explain a question which puzzles so many minds, "Why this issue of the Sem surpasses all others."

Wednesday, May 6th, the Juniors took charge of the chapel exercises. A very pleasing program was given. Agnes Wardroper and Russel Reader charmed their audience with their piano and vocal solos, in which they show great talent. Mr. Jones gave a very interesting talk on, "Stories of my Boyhood Days and Friends."

This month we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Avery, a well known author of today and an Alumnus of our High School. He had attended this school at the time of the Civil war, and so told of the feelings prevalent among the students in 1862 and 1863. He gave a very interesting account of war times.

John Hubbard won first place and Velma Ensign second in the contest offered by the W. C. T. U.

At the chapel exercises May 20th Mr. Cleary talked on that instructive subject, "The Relation of Business, Education, and Life," after which Miss Dickerson and Miss Godfrey favored us with piano and violin solos.

Frances Walters has recently returned home from the Ann Arbor hospital, where she has undergone an operation.

Gard Miller has resumed his work in school after a long siege of smallpox.

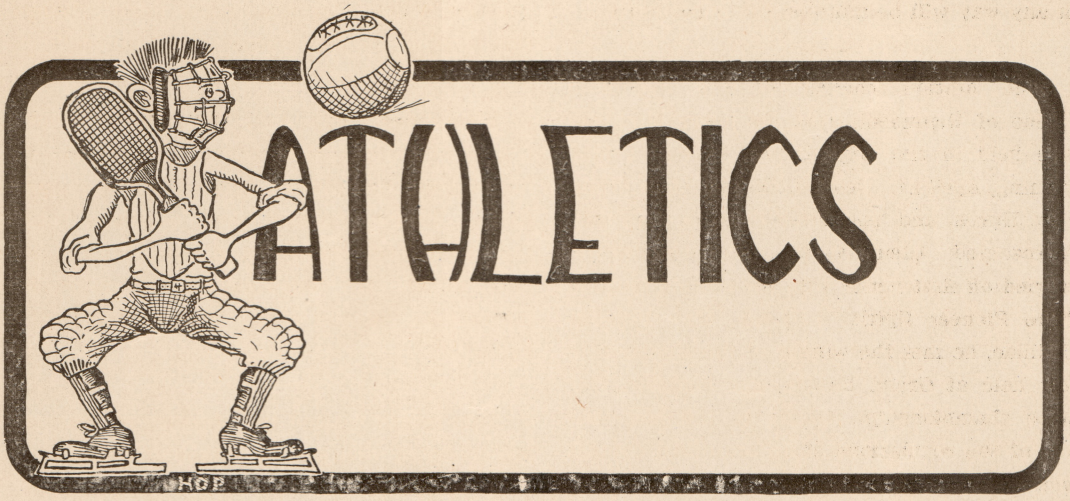
o—o—o

Freshie (on seeing pond at the brewery): "I wonder what they have that pond for?"

Wise Senior: "To raise frogs."

Freshie: "What do they use frogs for?"

Senior: "To catch their hops."



The end of the baseball season is near at hand and with great success for old Y. H. S. The games thus far played have been away from home, the first home game being with Highland Park.

Tennis also has a place of good standing in our school. This is the first year that it has been played here. Two courts were graded last year but they were in a bad condition. They were regraded and were put in good shape. As a result the courts are in use from five o'clock in the morning until seven at night.

The second game of baseball of the season was played with Wayne at Wayne. It was an easy match for our team, similar to the last year's football game as everyone knows. Only two hits were made by Ypsi, but nevertheless the score stood 13 to 8 in favor of Y. H. S.

On Wednesday, May 6, the Ypsi team was seen boarding the Saline Special to play with the Saline boys. The game was called with Ziegler at bat, who connected with the ball, sending it into the left fielder's mit. Nevertheless our team outclassed them in every way, with one exception which was an error made by one of our fellows which brought in two runs in succession. Only seven innings were played because of darkness. The final score stood6 to 10 in favor of Ypsi.

On Saturday, the 10th of May, Fletcher and Richards were in possession of two autos with which they took the team to Monroe. The roads were rough and slippery but they reached their destination without a mishap. The game began at 3:00 o'clock. Birdie was informed by a crowd of girls that he was to play third. This was a little startling to him that they should know him so well but later he found out that they had received news from our little Freshman Latin shark that Bird was to play third.

This was the best game of the season. There was fine playing on both sides. In the second inning Monroe got two runs, while Ypsilanti as yet had none, but in the fifth Ypsi scored. The final score stood 1 to 5 in favor of Monroe for, in each of the last three innings, a score was made.

The first home game of the season was played with Highland Park on Friday, the 15th. School was dismissed at 2:15 o'clock and the game was called at 3:00. Eddy was put on the throne, but it was an offday for him. Four runs were made; then Sprague was at his old

position. Things began to turn toward home, for Ypsilanti held the visitors to one score the rest of the game.

Highland Park's pitcher began the walking stunt and he was relieved of his position and another took his place. At the end of the eighth inning the score was 5 to 5, but the ninth showed the spirit and vim of old Y. H. S. for they brought in three runs. Thus the game rested in favor of Ypsi with a score of 5 to 8.

The Juniors and Freshmen played the first class-game of the season. The game was hard fought, for it rather looked as though the Freshmen were going to win. The score was tied in the fifth inning at 3 to 3. But with Sprague in the box what could they do but yield? In the seventh inning the Juniors brought in another run which broke the tie and ended the game with a score of 4 to 3 in favor of the Juniors.

The Juniors in turn played the Sophomores the following week. This time it was the Sophomores who knew how to play, for they have most of the veterans from the high school team to work for them. The teams were so nearly matched, however, that it seemed doubtful as to who would win. The score at the end of the 6th inning was 1 to 1 but the Sophomores had their last chance at bat and Bird brought in another run which put the Sophs ahead by a score of 2 to 1.

It was the lot of the Seniors next to play the Freshmen. It really looks bad when a big fellow has to play against a small boy for this is just what the circumstances were. This was also what the score was. Richards, however, was rather shattered in the fourth inning when there were two men on bases he walked three men, thus bringing two runs for the Freshmen. This was, however, just a mishap which did not happen again. The Seniors didn't fail to connect up with the ball and the score was 18 to 4 in their favor.

Pessimist

Examination
Much preparation
Nervous Prostration
No recreation
Humiliation.

Optimist

Examination
Anticipation
No preparation
Some bluefferation
All puffication
Realization.—Ex.

o—o—o

Bill: "Will you show me how to work the last problem?"

Bob: "I generally get paid for what I know."

Bill (throwing down a dime): "Tell me all you know and give me the change."

Wanted

Information telling how to jump across a creek without falling in.

Address, J. C. Laird.

o—o—o

Freshman: 'Germany is a cattle-raising country, isn't it?"

Miss Laird: "Why, what makes you think that?"

Freshman: "I've heard it called the 'Fodder-land.'"

o—o—o

E. C.: "What's the matter, dear, your hair is standing on end?'

H. H.: "I put it up in curl papers last night and the newspaper I used was full of horrible crimes."

o—o—o

E. Webb to Miss Hoffman (in whisper): "Have you a copy of 'David's Harem?'"

Miss Hoffman: "Yes, we have several copies of 'David Harum.'"

E. W.: "Sh! not so loud."

Bob Thompson: "I was in an awkward predicament this morning."

Marie Dawson: "Why, how was that?"

B. T.: "I came home late and my father said, 'Bob, what time is it?' I answered, 'Just twelve,' but then the cuckoo clock sang out three times.'

M. D.: "What did you do?"

B. T.: "I just stood there and cuckooed nine times more."

o—o—o

He, producing a square box from his pocket: "I have a present for you. I don't know whether it will fit your finger or not but———"

She: "Oh, this is so sudden. I never dreamed———"

Then he pulls out a thimble.

Mr. Wood, in Agri.: "How does wheat-dust look when put under the microscope?"

A Sophomore: "Larger."

o—o—o

Mildred O'Brien, reciting in Eng.: "Not a creature was stirring, not even a louse——"

Laughs

Most Contagious—"Bob."
Most Ready—"Jerry."
Most Explosive—H. Glover.
Most Giggly—Frances.
Most Thrilling—Neva.
Most Tee-hee-y—Zip.
Most Hearty—Helen K.
Most Convulsive—Avis Rice.
Most Frequent—M. Rogers.

o—o—o

When is a clock cruel?
When it strikes its little one.
What is always behind the time?
The back of the clock.

o—o—o

H. Hubbard: "Who originated the idea that the longest way around was the shortest way home?"

H. Coe: "Some taxicab driver I guess."

o—o—o

Yarn: A pupil's supposedly well-spun excuse for skipping. Said excuse is usually unravelled by Hull.

Zero: A daily gift of some teachers, causing much woe to the recipient.

Zoology: A beastly branch of science.—Ex.

o—o—o

It was evening. A stranger approached the cyclist: "Sir," he said, "your beacon has ceased its function."

"Sir?"

"Your illuminator, I remonstrate, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"But, really, I don't quite—"

"The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced."

My dear fellow, I—"

"The transversal ether oscillations have been discontinued."

Just then a boy shouted, "Hi, mister, your lamp's out."

And then the cyclist understood.—Ex.

o—o—o

F. W.: "I thought you loved a light-haired girl last year?"

Lynn: "I did, but she dyed."

o—o—o

H. Coe: "Doctor, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?"

Doctor: "It doesn't matter, old man. Check, money-order or cash."

Teacher: "Which letter is next to H?"

Small boy: "Dunno, ma'am."

Teacher: "What have I on both sides of my nose?"

"Freckles."—Ex.

o—o—o

Senior Miss: "——— told me he wanted to see you in the worst possible way."

Junior Girl: "And what did you say?"

Senior Miss: "I told him to come to breakfast some morning."

o—o—o

"'Tis hard to say good-by,"
The poets often write;
But it seems to me, when young men call
On maids, and linger in the hall,
It is harder to say, "Goodnight."—Ex.

o—o—o

I. O. has two big blue eyes,
She likes to flirt with them;
And when she turns them on R. B.
She coughs and says, "A-ahem."

o—o—o

Russell Seymour: "Waiter, you may serve me a culinary mosaic slightly umberated."

Waiter (aside): "Hash and have it brown."

o—o—o

Zilpha: "Did you notice that woman who just passed?"

Neva: "The one with the gray hat, the white feather, the red velvet roses, the mauve jacket, the black skirt, the mink furs, and the lavender spats?"

Zilpha: "Yes."

Neva: "Not particularly."

o—o—o

Surely it's a funny thing that when Cupid hits the mark, he generally Mrs. it.

o—o—o

"Somehow you seem to have grown shorter instead of taller since I saw you last."

"Well, I've married and settled down."

o—o—o

The world is old, yet likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find.
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you meet some ancient jokes,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake;
Just laugh—don't be too wise.—Ex.

I

There once was a man named Macbeth,
Who was guilty of King Duncan's death,
And the three witches' curse,
Made the matter still worse,
For his cruel greed grew with each breath.

II

And Lady Macbeth she stood by,
A murderous light in her eye.
She sowed evil seeds,
Which sprang into deeds,
And later each called for a lie.

III

Both Duncan and Banquo were killed,
And anyone else Macbeth willed.
Then Hecate too,
Put her spoon in the stew,
For in all fatal arts she was skilled.

IV

This vengeance came quickly and sure,
For evil there is but one cure;
Macbeth was beheaded,
An end he'd not dreaded,
For all the while he'd felt secure.

V

It happened as Hecate said,
His security cost him his head.
Perhaps a few cried,
Perhaps a few sighed,
But most all were glad he was dead.

o—o—o

Miss Lich, reading sentence in Eng. III.: "'Will you be helped to dark or light meat?' Where does this come from?"

Pussy Zeigler: "Chicken."

o—o—o

First convict: "They say it took Milton fifteen days to write one page of a book."

Second convict: "Thats nothing, I've been on one sentence six years and I'm not through yet."

o—o—o

Lilian L., throwing down her book: "How could the hero drink in her beauty?"

Marie: "Through his eye-glasses, of course."

o—o—o

"Why do you say, 'A blush crept over the face of the fair plaintiff?'"

"Because there was so much powder on her face the blush would have to creep or it would raise too much dust."

Few Well-known Terms

Undersized: An adjective descriptive of a few Freshmen.

Villain: A fellow class-mate whose sentences in Latin, which you copy, prove to be wrong.

X: Term commonly used to represent unknown quantity; the mental capacity of some people.

o—o—o

Conductor: "Your fare, Miss."

Senior Girl: "Really, do you thing so?"

o—o—o

Healthy boy;
Cigarettes;
Little grave;
Violets.—Ex.

o—o—o

Bob Thompson: "Study, study, study, nothing but study.'

Bill Proctor: "Why, how long have you been studying?"

Bob: "I start tomorrow."

o—o—o

The most popular animals among High School girls are: rat, hare, deer, chamois.—Ex.

o—o—o

R. D., explaining in Geom.: "You don't know anything about this triangle."

Mr. Hull: "I may know more than you think I do."

o—o—o

Freshman: "Say, is it proper to say 'Bill' or 'William'?"

Senior: "William, of course, my son."

Fresh.: "Well, would you say 'The hen stuck its William through the fence?'"—Ex.

o—o—o

Miss Hardy: "Ichabod's horse was bony because it was half starved."

Irene O.: 'Maybe it was fed too much and the food pushed its ribs out."

o—o—o

"I guess," said the collapsed automobile tire, "what I need is a change of air."

o—o—o

Miss Becky—"I hear a great deal about this tango tea nowadays. How much it is a pound?"

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